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THE RIGHTS OF KINGS;

OR,

LOYAL ODES

TO

DISLOYAL ACADEMICIANS;

BY

PETER PINDAR, Esq.

Τις μανίη θυμὸν εἰσέβη. ANACREON.

Thus for a MIGHTY MONARCH to be *levell'd!*
Pray were you drunk, or mad, Sirs, or be-devill'd?

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BRITISH MUSEUM
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THE RIGHTS OF KINGS

OR

THE RIGHTS OF CITIZENS

TO THE READER.

GENTLE READER,

THE foundation of the following Odes is simply this — The President of the Royal Academy, happy to be able to gratify our amiable Monarch in the minuteſt of his predilections, reported lately to the Academicians his Majeſty's deſire, that a Mr. LAURENCE *might be added to the liſt of R. A.'s, his Majeſty, from his ſuperior knowledge in painting, being* perfectly convinced *of this young Artiſt's uncommon abilities, and conſequently fair pretenſions to the honour. Notwithſtanding the Royal wiſh, and the wiſh of the Preſident, and (under the roſe!!!) the wiſh of Mr.* BENJAMIN WEST, *the Windſor oracle of Paint, and Painter of Hiſtory, the R. A.'s received the annunciation of his Majeſty's wiſh, Sir* JOSHUA'*s wiſh, Mr.* WEST'*s wiſh, with the moſt ineffable* ſang-froid, *not to call it by the harder name, diſguſt. The annunciation happening on the night of an election of Aſſociates, at which Mr.* LAURENCE *ought to have been elected an Aſſociate (a ſtep neceſſary to the more exalted one of R. A.)—behold the obſtinacy of theſe Royal Mules!—the number of votes in favour of Mr.* LAURENCE *amounted to juſt three, and that of his opponent Mr.* WHEATLEY *to ſixteen!!!——Indignant and loyal Reader, the Lyric Muſe, who has uniformly attacked Meanneſs, Folly, Impudence, Avarice, and Ignorance, from her cradle, caught fire at the above important event, and moſt loyally poured forth the following Odes, replete with their uſual ſublimities.*

ERRATA.

Page 2, *line* 9, *for* am I, *read* and ſhy.

—— 35, — 6, *for* Attorney-Generla, *read* Attorney-General.

PROËMIUM.

TO THE PUBLIC.

GENTLES! behold a poor plain-ſpoken man!
Modeſt as ADDINGTON our SPEAKER,
Amidſt Saint Stephen's patriotic clan,
Where INNOCENCE ſo meek did ne'er look meeker;

When with much palpitation, and much dread,
He turn'd about his pretty Speaker's head,
One leg juſt rais'd to hop into the chair;
Juſt like a CAT in rain amid the ſtreet,
That fears to wet her white and velvet feet,
Which for a handſome gutter-leap prepare!

" I fear

" I fear I am a moſt unworthy choice,"
Said *Miſter* SPEAKER, with a lamb-like voice!
" I have but one ſtep more," he cried,
Keeping his head coquettiſhly aſide.

How much like CHRISTIE, with his hammer rais'd,
(CHRISTIE, a public Speaker too, ſo prais'd),
Looking around him, ſimpering, ſmiling, bowing,
Then crying—" Gemmen, going, going, going!"

Yes, *Gentles* all, a modeſt Bard am *I*,
With dove-like mien, and ground-exploring eye;
Modeſt as *Miſter* SPEAKER at the LORDS,
When lowly he did Majeſty *beſeech*
T' *allow* his *humble* COMMONS uſe of words;
That is to ſay, a liberty of ſpeech:

Alſo to have at times a *tête-à-tête*,
Becauſe a *confab* royal is a treat;

Indeed

Indeed for *ſubjects* much too rich,
As wiſe KING JAMES aſſerted of the *itch*:

Likewiſe to have the privilege of TICK,
Becauſe a BAILIFF is a meddling rogue,
Who, with a hand of iron, or a ſtick,
Stoppeth the travels of our men of vogue!
Barbarian act, that men of worſhip frets!
Who think of loftier things than idle debts;
Deep pond'ring ever on the NATION's good,
Not on great greaſy butchers, tailor knaves,
Mercers and clammy grocers—compter ſlaves,
Who, by their ſtinking ſweat, procure their food.

Tradeſmen! a ſet of vulgar ſwine;
Crutches for FORTUNE in a deep decline:
Lo what a Tradeſman's good for, and lo all—
A wooden buttreſs for a tott'ring wall!

With

With tears have I beheld full many a 'SQUIRE
Moſt brutally by *Bailiffs* dragg'd along;
For turnpike, furniture, or houſe's hire,
Horſe, wages, coach, or ſome ſuch idle ſong!

Now '*Squire*'s a title of much reputation—
Belongs to people of *no*—occupation;
Who cannot (in their looks we read it)
Get, for a mutton-chop, a little credit!
Poor Gentlemen! how hard, alas! their fate,
To knuckle to ſuch nuiſances of State!

Gentles, to you, well pleas'd, I turn again,
Quitting my fav'rite *rambling* ſtrain;
Leaving belov'd, admir'd, ador'd digreſſion,
So practis'd by *us* men of *ode-profeſſion*,
When we have ſcarcely aught to ſing or ſay,
And ſneaking FANCY quits the lyric lay.

I do remember!—What?—That thus my pen,
Licentious, ſlander'd crown-and-ſceptre men!
" Readers, one moment look me in the face;
" A Poet not *quite* deſtitute of grace;
" And anſwer *one* not bred in FLATT'RY's ſchools—
" Are you, or are you not, a ſet of fools?
" Pinning your faith on GRANDEUR's ſleeve—
" Say, do you, in your conſciences, believe
" That M——s never can be weak nor mean;
" And that a M——'s wife, yclepp'd a ——,
" May not (and why not?) be a downright ſlop,
" Form'd of the coarſeſt rags of NATURE's ſhop?
" I read the anſwer in each viſage"—" No."
" O Jeſu! *can* it be? and *is* it ſo?
" Put down my book—
" Give it not *one* contaminating look:
" I ſtare on you with pity—nay, with pain—
" KEARSLEY ſhall toſs your money back again:
" Get your crowns ſhav'd, poor ſouls—I wiſh you well—
" And hear me—Bedlam has a vacant cell."

Such were the ſtanzas that I wrote of yore,
When tainted by a King-deriding Clan:
But now I curſe thoſe *tenets* o'er and o'er—
A convert quite—a ſweet and alter'd man:

The ſacred force of SOV'REIGNTY I feel—
To ROYALTY's ſtern port I learn to kneel:
For Royalties are deem'd moſt ſacred things;
So ſacred by the Courtiers, that the *Bible*
May be inform'd againſt, and prov'd a libel,
For ſaying—"Put no confidence in Kings!"

Though this indeed may be interpolation,
As much was coin'd by Popiſh prieſts and friars;
For ah! how hard 'tis for imagination
To *fancy* Monarchs hypocrites and liars!

ODE TO THE ACADEMICIANS.

AM I awake, or dreaming, O ye Gods?
Alas! in *waking*'s favour lie the odds!
The dev'l it is! ah me! 'tis really ſo!
How, Sirs! on Majeſty's proud corns to tread!
Meſſieurs Academicians, when you're dead,
Where can your Impudencies hope to go?

Refuſe a Monarch's mighty orders!—
It ſmells of treaſon—on rebellion borders!
'Sdeath, Sirs! it was the QUEEN's fond wiſh as well,
That *MASTER LAWRENCE ſhould come in!
Againſt a Queen ſo gentle to rebel!
This is another crying ſin!

What!

* A young Portrait-painter of ſome merit.

What!—not oblige, in ſuch a trifling thing,
So ſweet a Queen, and ſuch a goodly King!

A Queen *unus'd* to oppoſition-weather—
At diſappointment ſo *unus'd* to ſtart—
So full of dove-like gentleneſs her heart,
As if the dove had lent its ſofteſt feather,
That heart of gentleneſs to form,
Unus'd (as I have ſaid) to oppoſition-ſtorm!

O let me juſt inform you, one and all,
That Kings and Potentates, both great and ſmall,
Born to be humour'd, for *obedience* battle:
Moſt inſtantaneous too muſt be compliance;
Refuſal is moſt damnable defiance;
They ſtruggle for't, like children for the rattle.

But in our *ſimile* ſome diff'rence lies——
We whip a bantling when it kicks and cries,

Fully

Fully determin'd not to pleaſe it:
But lo! the children that poſſeſs a crown
(Young Herculeses) knock us down,
And, angry for the bauble, *ſeize* it.

Each of you, Sirs, has kept a cur, *perchaunce*:
Poor wretch, how oft his eyes with lightnings dance;
How he looks up to Maſter for a ſmile!
Shakes his imploring head with wriggling tail,
Now whining yelps, now pawing to prevail,
Eager with ſuch anxiety the while;

And if a pat *ſhould* bleſs the whining ſcraper,
Lord, how the animal begins to caper!

Thus ſhould it be with ſubjects and great Kings—
But you are ſtrangers to theſe humble things.
For ſhame! upon the courtier's creed go look—
And take a leaf from humble HAWKSB'RY's book;

Or ſweet neck-bending water-gruel LEEDS,
Who Majeſty with pap of flatt'ry feeds;
Which pap, if highly reliſh'd, will of courſe,
Rewarded, make him MASTER OF THE HORSE.

Where was PREROGATIVE?—aſleep?
A blockhead, not a better watch to keep
In this moſt ſolemn, moſt important hour!
Why heard we not the thunder of his voice;
Saw down your gullets cramm'd the royal choice,
So eaſy to the iron arm of Power?

Why ſlept his fledge, the guardian of a crown,
So form'd to knock unruly raſcals down?
Ah me! PREROGATIVE ſeems nearly dead!
Behold his tott'ring limbs and palſied head;
Sunk in their orbits his dim eyes;
His teeth dropp'd out; and hark! his voice ſo weak;
A mouſe behind the wainſcot—eunuch ſqueak!
"Ah! *non ſum qualis eram*," now he ſighs.

To

To ev'ry body's call, ah! now ſo pliant!
Sad ſkeleton of once a ſturdy giant!

Poor bending ſhrivell'd form, but juſt alive,
Art thou that bully once—PREROGATIVE?
Where is the mien of Mars, the eye's wild ſtare,
A meteor darting horror with its glare?
How like a BRANDY-DRINKER, who on flame
Feeds with a roſy beacon-face at firſt;
But, by his enemy INTEMP'RANCE curſt,
Yields to that victor of mankind with ſhame;
Pale, hobbling, voiceleſs, crawling to decay,
Juſt like a paſſing ſhadow, ſinks away!

Bedchamber Lords are all in ire—
The Maids of Honour all on fire;
Nay, though deſpotically ſhav'd, the Cooks,
Bluff on th' occaſion, put on bull's-beef looks:
And really this is very grand behaving,
So nobly to forgive the famous ſhaving!

See MADAM SCHWELLENBERG moſt cat-like ſtare ;
And though no fav'rite of the King,
She cries, " *By Got, it ſhock and make my hair*
Upright—it is ſo dam dam ſaucy ting."

STANHOPE, perchance, will claſp you in his arms ;
And PRICE's Ghoſt, with eloquence's charms,
Will, from his tomb upſpringing, ſound applauſe :
But know, I deem not ſo of EDMUND BURKE :
He nobly ſtyles the deed " a d-mn'd day's work ;"
Superior he to cutting royal claws.

MUN very juſtly thinks the human back
Should be to Kings a ſort of humble hack ;
That ev'ry ſubject ought to wear a ſaddle,
O'er which thoſe great rough-riders, Kings, may ſtraddle.

O D E II.

THE fam'd Aſſembly of the French will ſmile,
At this diſgrace of our fair iſle:
Meſſieurs FAYETTE the Great, and Co.
With tears of joy will overflow,
And order the Aſſembly of the Nation
To ſend you ſweet congratulation.

What haſt thou to complain of each, thou imp?
Compar'd to Kings, a grampus and a ſhrimp!

Lo! when from Windſor mighty Kings arrive,
Like London mack'rel, all alive!
Terrenes of flatt'ry are prepar'd ſo hot
By courtiers—a delicious pepper-pot;
Which, to be ſure, the royal maw devours,
Kings boaſting very ſtrong digeſtive pow'rs.

A POINTER thus, lock'd up a week,
Half ſtarv'd, and longing for a ſteak;
Behold him now turn'd looſe ſo wild to eat—
Gods! how he gobbles down the broth and meat!

Yes, flatt'ry-ſoups are all prepar'd ſo hot,
As I have hinted, a fine pepper-pot:

Side-diſhes too of curtſies, bows, and ſcrapes,
With ſtare and wonder in all ſorts of ſhapes;
Attentions darting from the full-ſtretch'd eye,
That not a royal glance may paſs unheeded by:
Attentions ſharp as thoſe of LUMPY, SMALL,
At cricket ſkill'd to catch the flying ball;
Whilſt you ſurvey (abominable thing!)
With cold contempt the character of King!

Think by what royal bounty you are bleſt!
Think of the patronage to Painters all!

Not

Not a poor ſhallow rill confin'd to WEST,
But torrents that like Niagara fall.

Yes; GEORGE is gen'rous—watches all your wants—
And pours his foſt'ring rains upon his plants.
Then, meeting ſuch a friend, you ought to cry
" Glory be to GEORGE on high!"

Thus, when two clouds approach, a wand'ring pair,
As oft it happens, 'mid their walks in air;
Though one be rich, the other poor
In rare electric matter, how they greet!
With what delight they ſeem to meet;
And, pleas'd, with all the fire of friendſhip roar!

GEORGE, O ye raggamuffins, loves you dearly;
Sends you rare pictures for improvement yearly;
Buys up your works, and much commiſſion gives
To Hiſt'ry, Portrait, Landſcape-Men—
Careful as of her chicken a good hen:
Thus like an Alderman each Limner lives.

Yes;

Yes; a good hen—I ſee her wing diſplay'd,
To warm, protect you with parental ſhade:
But you, a flock of vile rebellious chicken,
Are all for mounting on your mother's back,
With threat'ning beak and noiſy ſaucy clack,
Her eyes out, trying to be picking;

Againſt her blaſphemouſly ſwearing:
This is undutiful beyond all bearing.
Where'er the plaintive cry of WANT appears,
Cock'd, like a greyhound's, are the King's two ears:
Ready for ſuch poor wights to bake, and brew!
A circumſtance believ'd by very few!
Thus, to PHILOSOPHY's ſurpriſe,
A pin can lead the lightning of the ſkies!

ODE

O D E III.

BEHOLD, his Majeſty is in a paſſion!
Tremble, ye rogues, and tremble all the nation!
Suppoſe he takes it in his royal head
To ſtrike your Academic Idol dead;
Knock down your HOUSE, diſſolve you in his ire,
And ſtrip you of your boaſted title—'SQUIRE!

To bend a piece of iron to your will,
You always make that iron hot;
For then it aſks but little force and ſkill—
Its ſturdineſs is quite forgot:

But lo! it is quite otherwiſe with man!
Make *him* red-hot, and bend him as you can:
So widely diff'rent are the metals,
Compoſing man, or kings indeed, and kettles!

Oft has he left his Queen and Windſor tow'rs,
Oft from the faſcinating Dairy flown,
To raiſe the Arts with all his mighty pow'rs,
And hold high converſe with the folks of TOWN:

From lofty CARTHAGE thus, by Jove's decree,
On nobler works than thoſe of love, intent,
ÆNEAS from the widow DIDO went,
And, full of piety, put off to ſea!

Vain of your Academic honours, vain,
I ſay agen,
Idly you deem'd yourſelves the firſt of men;
And then
You ſpurn'd the hand which rais'd you into notice—
By all the Gods, unfortunately, ſo 'tis!

Full oft, by FORTUNE, man is play'd a trick;
Too often ruin'd by her glittering toys,
Juſt like the CANDLE's luckleſs wick
Surrounded by the luſtre that deſtroys.

ODE

ODE IV.

RESISTANCE turns me, like a napkin, pale;
REBELLION chills me into ſtone;
" Tell not in Gath the tale,
" Nor publiſh in the ſtreets of Aſcalon."

Copy the manners of a Court:
There (thanks to EDUCATION for't)
SUBMISSION cow'ring creeps, with fearful eye,
Unceaſing bends the willowy neck to ground,
In rev'rence, abject and profound,
Too humbly modeſt to behold the ſky:

There, all alive too, HAWK ATTENTION ſits,
To ſtudy Royal HUMOUR's various fits;

With

With wings expanded, ready to fly poſt,
To Eaſt, to Weſt, to North, or South,
To cater for a Monarch's mighty mouth,
To get him bak'd, or grill'd, or boil'd, or roaſt:

Now ſcampers to pick up each bit of news,
Which full-fed London ev'ry moment ſp—s:
Then to the Palace the rich treaſure bears,
And pours the whole into the royal ears.

There ADULATION, with her ſilver tongue,
Sweeter than Philomela's ſweeteſt ſong,
Says unto Majeſty *ſuch things!*
Tells him that CÆSAR won not half *his* fame;
That ALEXANDER was a childiſh name
Compar'd to *his*—the King of KINGS!

Now ſmiling, ſtaring huge ſurpriſe,
With ſuch a brace of wonder-looking eyes,

On

On all the words from Majeſty that dart;
As if bright gems, as large as eggs of pullet,
Flow'd from the King's Golconda gullet,
Enough, indeed, to load a cart:
Her mouth ſo pleas'd the treaſures to devour!
Wide as the port-hole of a Seventy-four!

Such is the picture of a Palace ſcene,
Drawn by an *amateur*, I ween:
The outline chaſte, and eaſy flowing;
The colouring not a whit too glowing.
Such, ſuch is ADULATION, charming maid!
Whoſe conduct you won't copy, I'm afraid.

ODE V.

AT oppoſition, lo! the ſoul demurs!
At ſuch the royal mind revolts;
Hates it as much as ſticks, the cats and curs,
Or curbs, and whips, and ſpurs, high-mettled colts.

Too well I know that you the Great deſpiſe;
Molehills, inſtead of mountains, in your eyes:
'Tis wrong!
I often rev'rence GRANDEUR in my ſong.

Go, Sirs, to Court upon a gala day:
Soon as the ſoldiers cry aloud, "Make way!"
How glorioufly the Courtiers ſtrut it by,
In gorgeous clothes of ſilk and gold,
With ſuch an elevated front, and bold,
With ſuch ſtate-conſequence in either eye;

So much above the ground on which they ſtrut,
So ſtiff, ſo ſtake-like, all the pompous pack,
As though Dame Nature had forgot to put
The joints of manners to the neck and back.

O glorious ſight! this no one dares deny:
And lo! I'd lay conſiderable odds,
That man who ne'er divinities did ſpy,
Would really take them for a pack of gods!

Grant that the Great are ignorant—what then?
Still are they folks of worſhip—ſtill *great* men;
Though flogg'd through ſchools, and baniſh'd from a college,
Although not one inch broad their minds, I ween:
The utmoſt boundary of all their knowledge,
The Game-act and JOHN NICHOL's Magazine.

Still men of worſhip, muſt they all appear
BEINGS we little people ſhould *revere?*
'Tis nat'ral to revere the *folk* on high;
To rev'rence, lo! our infancies are led!
Well do I recollect how oft' my eye
Ador'd the Kings and Queens of Gingerbread:

King David, Solomon, and that brave Queen*
Who rode ſo far to ſee, and to be ſeen:
Though hungry as a hound, with pence in ſtore,

When

* Her Majeſty of Sheba.

When in their glory on the ſtalls I met 'em;
Though longing to devour them o'er and o'er,
I deem'd it ſacrilege to eat 'em!

O D E VI.

THE light of REASON is a little ray,
But ſtill it ſhows us the right way:
Indeed, the GENTLEWOMAN makes no blaze,
No bonfire tempting a fool's eye to gaze—
A modeſt dame, remote, and calm, and coy,
And never playeth gambols, to deſtroy.

But ERROR, what a meretricious jade,
Amidſt her trackleſs wilds immers'd in ſhade,
To tempt the ſilly and unwary!
Her meteor, lo! ſhe lights!—here, there,
Up, down, ſhe dances it—now far, now near,
In mad and riotous vagary.

On

On the Fools wander, in purſuit ſo ſtout,
And love of this ſame gariſh light;
All on a ſudden goes this meteor out;
And caught, like badgers, in the ſack of night,
Blund'ring and trying to get back agen,
They roll about in vain, poor men.

Thus you Academicians all proceed!
You are thoſe BADGERS, Gentlemen, indeed!

There ſeems an ardent ſpirit, to my mind,
A Revolution ſpirit, 'mongſt mankind:
A ſpark will now ſet kingdoms in a blaze,
That would not fire a barn in former days;
So lately turn'd to touchwood is each State—
So whimſical indeed the ways of FATE!

Pray, Sirs, both old and young, ye bright and muddy,
Did ever you make cuckoldom your ſtudy?

P'rhaps *not*, if rightly I divine—
But, Gentlemen, I've made it *mine*.

This ſtate of man, and let me add obſcenity,
Is not a ſituation of *betweenity*,
As ſome word-coiners are diſpos'd to call't—
Meaning a mawkiſh, *as-it-were-iſh* ſtate,
Containing neither love nor hate—
A ſort of water-gruel without ſalt.

Know then, that CUCKOLDOM's all eye, all ear,
All ſmell, all taſte, and, faith! all feeling—
His ſenſes ſharp as thoſe of cats appear;
To right, to left—as quick as ſoldiers wheeling,
To catch a wife's bad fame, alas! not praiſe;
Thus ſetting traps to ſqueeze his future days;

Watering with one eternal tear the eye,
And making lovely LIFE one lengthen'd ſigh:

A pair

A pair of antlers his—he ſits on thorns—
He nothing ſees but horns, horns, horns!

Nay, to the Cuckold in idea, lo,
On either ſide his head a horn appears
Tremendous! but which all his neighbours know
Are only one huge pair of aſs's ears.

Then pray diſmiſs your jealouſies and frights;
Our M——h means not to invade your rights:
It never, never was a Royal plan—
"For BRUTUS is an honourable man!"
Greater from CHAMBERS ſhould be all your fears,
Whoſe HOUSE is tumbling faſt about your ears.

O D E VII.

THE King (God grace him) wiſhes you to *ſhine*:
He rais'd the building with *your* caſh and *mine*:
But what is wealth? what thouſands? trifling things!
To ſwell the mighty volume of its fame,
He call'd it ROYAL—thus he *gave* the name;
Which proveth the munificence of Kings—
Heav'ns, what a preſent! ah, well worth poſſeſſing!
Lo! on a level with a Biſhop's bleſſing!

DOMITIAN (ſo ſays HIST'RY, with a ſigh)
Would quit affairs of ſtate, to hunt a fly:
But we have no ſuch trifle-hunting Kings—
Europe knows no ſuch miſerable *things!*
Her Princes gallop on a larger ſcale;
No flippant minnow, but the flound'ring whale!

GEORGE wiſhes not to give the dome a grave;
Not to deſtroy he cometh—but to ſave:
Not like DAME NATURE, who compoſes forms
The faireſt for the faſcinated eye;
Then ſends her lightnings, floods, and ſtorms,
To bid the beauteous flowrets die!

When once a woman's handſome, ſmart, and clever,
In God's name let her bloom for ever!
Ah! could I ſnatch TIME's ploughſhare from his hand,
Who, with that eaſe a farmer ſkirts his land,
Furrows ſo cruelly o'er the faireſt face!
Relentleſs as a Mohawk, on he goes,
Cuts up the lily and the roſe,
Roots up each wavy curl, and bends the neck of grace—

Ah! could I ſimply do but this,
The ſweeteſt lips would give me many a kiſs.

By raiſing, then deſtroying like a Turk,
It ſeems as though TIME did not like his work;

As though he wanted ſomething *better* ſtill,
Than e'er was manufactur'd at his mill.

And yet how exquiſite, of charms the crop
In Meſdames *Johnson's, *Kelly's, *Windsor's ſhop,
Or rather hot-houſe!—Lord, if fond of billing,
What grace, for guineas, we may find!
Nay, in the ſtreets, if cheapneſs ſuits our mind,
We purchaſe Cleopatras for a ſhilling!

O Beauty, how thou ſtealeſt me away!
Born, thou ſweet Witch, thy Poet to beguile!
Thy fool, idolater, by night, by day,
He feels a chain in ev'ry ſmile.
Thou Tyrant of my heart, let go my pen—
I *muſt*, *will* ſpeak to Academic men.

Sirs! ſhould the Royal Eagle, from his height,
Dart on your puny forms, his eye of flame,
And wanton, juſt to exerciſe his might,
(Deeming you no ignoble game)

Should

* The Prieſteſſes of the Cyprian Goddeſs.

Should pounce on your owl-backs, ſo ſtout,
How would a cloud of feathers fly about!
The thunder of his beak, for falling, ripe—
What figures you would cut within his gripe!
This can the KING OF ISLES perform—I know it—
Yet, though of pow'r ſo full, he will not ſhow it.
Too ſoon your band its weakneſs would deplore!
A crab in a cow's mouth—no more!

Say, don't you tremble at th' affronted name?
Where lurks the burning bluſh of ſhame?
Alas! that ſymptom of remaining grace
Knows not to tinge an Academic face!
Sons of the Dev'l like you, rebellious, hear—
It is for Kings to *burden—us* to *bear*.

I own I've ſaid (and glory in th' advice),
" Be not, O King, as uſual, *over-nice*:
" Dread Sire, (to take a phraſe from CALIBAN)
" Bite 'em"—
" To pour a heavier vengeance on the clan,
" Knight 'em."

ODE

ODE IX.

THE modern French deem Monarchs much like fire,
Which a good looking-after doth require—
Too much inclin'd to prove an evil;
A fire that needeth to be well ſecur'd,
Well iron'd, pinion'd, and immur'd,
Which otherwiſe would play the devil:
Yet if on politics a *bard* may prate,
I deem their Monarch's jacket rather ſtrait.
MESDAMES POISSARDES, 'twas ſhockingly ill bred,
To fling your flounders at your MONARCH's head.
Though, VENUS-like, deſcended from the flood,
'Twas baſe, ye ſweet DIVINITIES of Mud.
To this great truth, a UNIVERSE agrees,
"*He who lies down with dogs, will riſe with fleas.*"

How

How applicable! lo, you took advice,
I'm ſure, from that ARCH-DEVIL, DOCTOR PRICE,
And STANHOPE—who ſo praiſe the French and clap,
For catching Kings, like polecats, in a trap.

O may I never *be*—but *were* I King,
Like ropes ſhould I conſider laws;
Preventing, when I wiſh'd it, a good ſpring—
Hand-cuffs to bind my lion claws.

A ſet of articles implies miſtruſt—
How can the LORD's ANOINTED be unjuſt?
We never ſhould believe ſuch things
As doubt the wiſdom of the KING OF KINGS:
What the LORD chooſes *muſt* be good,
Although he ſent us but a piece of wood.
Ev'n *CHESTERFIELD, that Atheiſtic Dog,
Declares he has a rev'rence for KING LOG.
" When will that lucky day be born, that brings
" A bridle for the arrogance of Kings?

* " I confeſs I have ſome regard for KING LOG." *Vide* his Letters.

" Too ſlowly moves, alas! the loit'ring hour.
" When will thoſe tyrants ceaſe to fancy Man
" A Dog in PROVIDENCE's lev'ling plan,
" To crouch and lick the blood-ſtain'd rods of POW'R?"
Such is your moſt unkingly cry—
And lo, I tell it with a ſigh!

Rank is in man the itch of oppoſition,
Which wanteth a good whip for a phyſician.
You keep bad company that turns your head—
So hungrily you ev'ry thing devour,
That tends to clip the wings of royal pow'r,
Which like the eagle's pinion ought to ſpread;
So greedily ſuck in REBELLION's breath,
That wafts the ſeeds of IMPUDENCE and DEATH.

Thus, hound-like, at a Lord-Mayor's feaſt,
A COMMON-COUNCILMAN, a beaſt,
On ev'ry ſeaſon'd diſh ſo hungry ſtuffs—
Unbuttons, wipes the ſweat away, and puffs.

Poor

Poor fool! he ſwallows rheumatiſm and gout,
Aſthma and apoplexy—and more ills
Than Doctors, with their knowledges ſo ſtout,
Can vanquiſh with their boluses and pills!

But, Sirs, you muſt be *cautious* how you act;
Attorney-Generla is no *reaſoning* thing!
'Tis an indubitable fact,
This fellow is the creature of a King;
His eagle—thunder-bearer—loud his cry—
And "Inſtant vengeance" is his ſole reply.
'Tis dangerous to ſhake hands with ſuch hard claws,
His gripe enough to make the braveſt pauſe!

Then be not at your midnight orgies ſeen,
Buzzing opinions upon King and Queen.
Ah! ſhould he ſally forth ſo ſtrong,
Amidſt your wantonneſs of ſpeech and ſong;
Unlin'd by mercy, you will feel his gripe,
Stopping the melody of many a pipe.

Thus

Thus at the ſolemn, ſtill, and ſunleſs hour,
When to their ſports the inſect nations pour:

In airy tumult bleſt, the light-wing'd throng,
Thoughtleſs of enemies in ambuſcade,
Hums to NIGHT's liſt'ning ear the choral ſong,
And wantons through the boundleſs field of ſhade;
When, lo! the mouſe-fac'd DEMON of the gloom,
Eſpying, hungry meditates their doom!

Bounce, from his hole ſo ſecret burſts the BAT,
To honour, mercy, moderation, loſt!
Behold him ſally on the humming hoſt,
And murd'rous overturn the tribes of GNAT;
Nimbly from right to left, like TIPPOO, wheel,
And ſnap ten thouſand pris'ners at a meal!

ODE

O D E X.

HOW pleaſant 'tis the Courtier clan to ſee!
So prompt to drop to Majeſty the knee;
To ſtart, to run, to leap, to fly;
And gambol in the Royal eye!
And, if expectant of ſome high employ,
How kicks the heart againſt the ribs, for joy!

How rich the incenſe to the Royal noſe!
How liquidly the oil of FLATT'RY flows!
But ſhould the Monarch turn from ſweet to ſour,
Which cometh oft to paſs in half an hour,
How alter'd inſtantly the Courtier clan!
How faint! how pale! how woe-begone, and wan!

Thus CORYDON, betroth'd to DELIA's charms,
In fancy holds her ever in his arms:

In mad'ning fancy, cheeks, eyes, lips devours;
Plays with the ringlets that all flaxen flow
In rich luxuriance o'er a breaſt of ſnow,
And on that breaſt the ſoul of rapture pours.

NIGHT too entrances—SLUMBER brings the dream—
Gives to his lips his IDOL's ſweeteſt kiſs;
Bids the wild heart, high panting, ſwell its ſtream,
And deluge every nerve with bliſs:
But if his NYMPH unfortunately frowns,
Sad, chapfall'n, lo! he hangs himſelf, or drowns!

Oh, try with bliſs his moments to beguile:
Strive not to make your Sov'reign frown—but ſmile:
Sublime are Royal nods—moſt precious things!—
Then, to be *whiſtled* to by Kings!

To have him lean familiar on one's ſhoulder,
Becoming thus the Royal arm-upholder,

A heart

A heart of very ſtone muſt glad!
Oh! would ſome King ſo far himſelf demean,
As on *my* ſhoulder but for *once* to lean,
Th' exceſs of joy would nearly make me mad!
How on the honour'd garment I ſhould dote—
And think a glory blaz'd around the coat!

Bleſt, I ſhould make this coat my coat of arms,
In fancy glitt'ring with a thouſand charms;
And ſhow my children's children o'er and o'er:
" Here, Babies," I ſhould ſay, " with awe behold
" This coat—worth fifty times its weight in gold:
" This very, very coat, your grandſire wore!

" Here,"—pointing to the ſhoulder—I ſhould ſay,
" Here Majeſty's *own* hand ſo ſacred lay"—
Then p'rhaps repeat ſome ſpeech the King might utter;
As—" Peter, how go ſheep a ſcore? what? what?
" What's cheapeſt meat to make a bullock fat?
" Hæ? Hæ? what, what's the price of country butter?"

Then

Then ſhould I, ſtrutting, give myſelf an air,
And deem my houſe adorn'd with immortality:
Thus ſhould I make the children, calf-like, ſtare,
And fancy grandfather a man of quality:
And yet, not ſtopping here, with cheerful note,
The Muſe ſhould ſing an *ode* upon the coat.

Poor loſt AMERICA, high honours miſſing,
Knows nought of ſmile and nod, and ſweet hand-kiſſing;
Knows nought of golden promiſes of Kings;
Knows nought of coronets, and ſtars, and ſtrings:
In ſolitude the lovely REBEL ſighs!
But vainly drops the penitential tear—
Deaf as the adder to the Woman's cries,
We ſuffer not her wail to wound OUR ear:
For food, we bid her hopeleſs children prowl,
And with the ſavage of the deſert howl.

ODE

O D E XI.

" MAN may be happy, if he will:"
I've ſaid it often, and I think ſo ſtill:
Doctrine to make the MILLION ſtare!
Know then, each MORTAL is an actual JOVE;
Can brew what weather he ſhall moſt approve,
Or wind, or calm, or foul, or fair.

But here's the miſchief—Man's an aſs, I ſay;
Too fond of thunder, lightning, ſtorm, and rain;
He hides the charming, cheerful ray
That ſpreads a ſmile o'er hill and plain!
Dark, he *muſt* court the ſcull, and ſpade, and ſhroud—
The miſtreſs of his ſoul muſt be a CLOUD!

Who told him that he muſt be curs'd on earth?—
The GOD of NATURE?—No ſuch thing!

HEAV'N whiſper'd him, the moment of his birth,
" Don't cry, my lad, but dance and ſing;
" Don't be too wiſe, and be an ape:—
" In colours let thy ſoul be dreſs'd, not crape.

" ROSES ſhall ſmooth LIFE's journey, and adorn;
" Yet, mind me—if, through want of grace,
" Thou mean'ſt to fling the bleſſing in my face,
" Thou haſt full leave to tread upon a thorn."

Yet ſome there are, of men I think the worſt,
Poor imps! unhappy, if they can't be curs'd—
For ever brooding over MIS'RY's eggs,
As though Life's pleaſure were a deadly ſin;
Mouſing for ever for a gin
To catch their happineſſes by the legs.

Ev'n at a dinner, ſome will be unbleſs'd,
However good the viands, and well dreſs'd:

They

They always come to table with a ſcowl,
Squint with a face of verjuice o'er each diſh,
Fault the poor fleſh, and quarrel with the fiſh,
Curſe cook and wife, and, loathing, eat and growl.

A cart-load, lo, their ſtomachs ſteal,
Yet ſwear they cannot make a meal.
I like not the blue-devil-hunting crew!
I hate to drop the diſcontented jaw!
O let me NATURE's ſimple ſmile purſue,
And pick ev'n pleaſure from a ſtraw!

O D E XII.

Treat SOV'REIGNS, Sirs, with more reſpect, I beg:
To Thrones, with due *decorum*, make a leg;
Ev'n *thoſe* are ſacred, though but empty chairs:

There

There lurks in Thrones a *ſomething*, though but wood,
That thrills with awe the vulgar maſs of blood,
And fills the mouth and eye with gapes and ſtares:
Wiſhing by no means to affront,
I wonder what's the meaning on't!

Louis Quatorze was quite the Frenchman's God;
Who made all nations tremble at his nod;
Married Scarron's old widow, dry and frouſy;
Got deep in debt, the conſtable out-ran;
And, to complete the farce, this God-like Man
Died——*louſy!* *

The Crown, ſo powerful, made him every thing!
There's ſomewhat marv'lous in it, I muſt own!
For folly is not folly on a Throne;
For Whiting's eyes are di'monds in a King!
I dare

* He actually had the *Morbus Pediculoſus*.

I dare not ſay that no exception ſprings
Againſt this mighty magic pow'r of Kings:
Not all a MONARCH's ſmiles, and pow'rs of PLACE,
Can wipe vulgarity from BRUDENELL's face;
Nor, though a whole eternity they try,
Blot art, infernal art, from H—KSB—Y's eye;
Blot beaſt from S-LISB—Y, who no legend needs,
Pertneſs from D—K, and vacancy from L—DS.

O D E XIII.

LO! Majeſty admireth yon fair *DOME;
And deemeth that he is admired again!
The King is wedded to it—'tis his home—
He watches it—and *loves* it, e'en to pain:

* The Royal Academy.

And yet this lofty Dome is heard to ſay,
" Poh! poh! p-x take your love—away! away!"

To this, with energy I anſwer—" Shame!"
Such bad behaviour puts me in a flame:
This is unſeemly, nay, ungrateful carriage,
And brings to mind a little Ode to MARRIAGE.

ODE TO HYMEN;

Or, THE HECTIC.

GOD of ten million charming things,
Of whom *our* MILTON ſo divinely ſings,
Once dove-tail'd to a devil of a wife—
HYMEN, how comes it that I am ſo ſlighted?
Why with thy myſt'ries am I not delighted,
Which I have try'd to peep on half my life?

God

God of the down-clad chains, diſpel the miſt—
O put me ſpeedily upon thy liſt!
A civil liſt, like that of Kings, I'm told,
Bringing in ſwelling bags of glorious gold!

What have I done to loſe thy good opinion?
Againſt thee was I ever known to rail;
And ſay, (abuſing thus thy ſweet dominion)
"Curſe me! if this Boy's trap ſhall catch my tail?"
No! no!—I praiſe thy knot with bellowing breath,
Which, like JACK KETCH's, ſeldom ſlips till death.

Lo! 'midſt the hollow-ſounding vault of Night,
Deep coughing by the taper's lonely light,
The hopeleſs HECTIC rolls his eye-balls, ſighing:
"Sleep on," he cries, and drops the tend'reſt tear;
Then kiſſes his wife's cherub cheek ſo dear:
"Bleſt be thy ſlumbers, Love! though I am dying:
"Ah! whilſt *thou* ſleepeſt with the ſweeteſt breath,
"*I* pump, for life, the putrid well of death!

I feel

" *I* feel 'of Fate's hard hand th' oppreſſive pow'r;
" *I* count the iron tongue of ev'ry hour,
" That ſeems in Fancy's ſtartled ear to ſay—
" Soon muſt thou wander from thy wife away."

" Dread ſound! too ſolemn for the ſoul to bear,
" Murm'ring deep melancholy on my ear:
" And ſullen—ling'ring, as if loth to part,
" And eaſe the terrors of my fainting heart.
" Yet, though *I* pant for life, ſleep *thou*, my dove,
" For well thy conſtancy deſerves my love."

And, lo! all young and beauteous, by his ſide,
His ſoft, freſh-blooming, incenſe-breathing BRIDE,
Whoſe cheek the dream of rapt'rous kiſſes warms,
Anticipates her SPOUSE's wiſh ſo good;
Feels Love's wild ardours tingling through her blood,
And pants amidſt a *ſecond* huſband's arms;
Now opes her eyes, and, turning round her head,
" Wonders the filthy fellow is not dead!"

ODE

O D E XIV.

YOU quarrell'd with Sir Joshua ſome time ſince;
Of Painters, eaſily allow'd the Prince—
The Emp'ror, let me ſay, without a flattery:
Yet wantonly againſt this Emp'ror, lo!
An overflowing tub of bile to ſhow,
You fooliſh planted an infernal battery.

The mind of man is vaſtly like a hive;
His thoughts ſo buſy ever—all alive!
But here the *ſimile* will go no further;
For bees are making honey, one and all;
Man's thoughts are buſy in producing gall,
Committing, as it were, ſelf-murther.

But let the ſpirit that ſurrounds *my* frame
Sit eaſy on it, juſt like an old ſhoe—

When DISAPPOINTMENT ſets my houſe in flame,
Let REASON all ſhe can to quench it do:
REASON has engines plentiful and ſtout,
With water at command to put it out.

I hate to hear men quarrelling through life,
Themſelves the fabricators of the ſtrife;
For ever hunting, with a hound-like noſe,
That hornet's neſt, the tribe of woes:
And when the woes invited greet 'em,
They wonder how the dev'l they meet 'em.

ODE

ODE XV.

AH! could you wiſh your *PRESIDENT to change?
Ah! could you, PAGANS, after falſe Gods range?
Swop *ſolid* REYNOLDS for that *ſhadow* WEST?
In love-affairs variety's no ſin—
Trav'lers may change at any time their inn—
Here 'tis Paint-blaſphemy; I do proteſt.

In LOVE's warm regions I ſhould like, I own,
'Midſt diff'rent climes to fix my throne:

DAVID'S

* The AUTHOR has *ſome* reaſon to imagine that a part of the Academic Rebellion was meant to attack the PRESIDENT; the diſappearance of whoſe works, in the preſent EXHIBITION, has been fatal.—One Picture from SIR JOSHUA's hand would have atoned for a hoſt of *Daubs*.

DAVID's Phyſicians order'd change of *Dame—
And, lo! t'improve our cows, we bid 'em paſs
Into variety of graſs—
With *bulls*, I gueſs, th' advantage is the ſame.

And as I MONSIEUR CUPIDON employ,
To manufacture pieces of my joy,
I would not mad run counter to the faſhion:
A little SYLVIA, with the ſweeteſt ſmile,
Poſſeſſes power ſome moments to beguile,
And in Elyſium lap the prettieſt paſſion.

But not *toujours perdrix*—the vulgar thing!
Then PLEASURE ſoon would ſpread her wanton wing:
No! no! VARIETY the game muſt ſtart—
Come oft, and make her curt'ſy to my heart;
And, like the Orange Girls, my taſte to ſuit,
Cry, "Choice of fruit—fine fruit, Sir—choice of fruit."

Dull

* Abiſhag, the fair Shunamite.

Dull CONSTANCY is quite a Quaker's hat,
So formal!—changeleſs in its great broad brim:
VARIETY's a fine young playful CAT—
A hopeful imp of ſpirit, ſport, and whim;
Who, when all other objects fail,
Runs after its own tail.

O D E XVI.

DEAD is idolatry, and faint the praiſe
That Sceptred People meet with now-a-days!
All unmoleſted, lo! the VIRTUES ſleep!
Their roof with fair applauſe but rarely rings—
Sweet PANEGYRIC moves with ſnail-like creep,
And DEFAMATION on the lightning's wings!

Too pleas'd to pluck the ſoaring plume of POW'R,
You bleſs an Oppoſition hour;

Too fond, alas! of roaſting harmleſs Kings;
Too well I know what freedoms you would take—
Beat the *dear* creatures juſt like Bears at ſtake;
Juſt like a poor tame GULL's, would clip his wings!

Poor bird! whom FATE oft cruelly aſſails;
Forc'd from his bold aërial height,
Sweeping the ſun amidſt his flight,
To hop a garden, and hunt ſnails!

Such is the fate of LOUIS SEIZE,
Whom PITY, with a ſigh, ſurveys;
Whom FRENCHMEN daringly have laid a curb on;
Who now no more *full royally* indites,
No more "*Sic volo*" to his kingdom writes,
But, "I'm your humble Servant, LOUIS BOURBON."

Lettres-de-cachet, now no longer known,
Shall lull no more an EMPIRE's idle groan:

Baſtilles,

Baſtilles, thoſe ſchools of peace and ſweet morality,
Inſtruct no more the mob, and men of quality:

Baſtilles, the haunt of philoſophic gloom,
Surround the IMPS of Liberty no more:
In duſt each iron and coloſſal door,
Which clos'd in thunder on a Rebel's room;

That pealing, with reverberated ſound,
Rung through the caverns of the dread PROFOUND;
Where MEDITATION ponder'd, penſive Maid!
And HORROR, death-like, paus'd upon the ſhade.

Oh, let us cheriſh, then, the ROYAL RACE,
The fount of honour, freedom, penſion, place!
On *me* would KINGS their treaſure fling away,
Moſt humbly grateful would I ſay,
" Thus LYBIA's Foreſts a kind ſhade ſupply,
" And for the meaneſt Savage form a den;
" And thus the Mountains that invade the ſky,
" Kind, in their ſhaggy boſoms warm the WREN."

ODE

O D E XVII.

AMID the deep'ning gloom of Time
Your puny names ſhall ſcarce appear;
While thoſe of Kings, in characters ſublime,
Shall, blazing, bid a *world* revere:
Their peerleſs acts, with ev'ry virtuous quality,
Shall grace the PYRAMID of IMMORTALITY.

There ſhall their glorious names be ſeen ſo bright,
As on a Birth or Coronation night,
Amidſt the evening's honour'd ſhade,
Faſt by the grocer's, or the chandler's ſhop,
Or lace, or pinman, or the man of mop,
By loyal thumb-bottles diſplay'd!
That, burning with a rival glow,
Beam on the gaping multitude below.

Lo!

Know, when we ſlumber, not ſo ſleeps the King—
He watches!—yes, he ponders through the night!
To buried Genius lends a fancied wing,
And lifts him from his darkneſs into light:

Thus, nightly on the *Mevagizzy ſhore,
When Horror breathes upon the heaving Deep,
Amid the wild and ſolemn roar;
Theſe eyes have ſeen the crafty Heron creep;
Now dart his beak ſo ſharp for fiſh's blood,
And ſnatch a wriggling Conger from the flood!

Here differeth this compariſon of ours—
The King *preſerveth*—but the Fowl *devours*.

* A Fiſhing-Town, in Cornwall.

O D E XVIII.

GO, Sirs, with halters round your wretched necks,
Which ſome contrition for your crime beſpeaks,
And much-offended Majeſty implore:
Say, piteous, kneeling in the Royal view—
" Have pity on a ſad abandon'd crew,
" And we, great King, will ſin no more:
" Forgive, dread Sir, the crying ſin,
" And *Miſter* LAURENCE ſhall come in."

Your hemp cravats, your pray'r, your Tyburn mien,
May pardon gain from our good King and Queen,
For they are not inexorable people;
Although you thus have run their patience hard;
And though you are, to ſuch great folk compar'd,
Candle-extinguiſhers to ſome high ſteeple.

For Kings (I ſpeak it to their vaſt applauſe)
Can pardon, if you let them gain their cauſe;
So gracious, they will give you ſuch kind looks,
As fell upon the ſhav'd and humbled Cooks;
Kind as a Gard'ner's charitable eye
On ſome cruſh'd ſnail, or bird-lim'd fly;
Kind as the Epicure's, who, fond of mites,
Mingleth compaſſion with his bites.

How vile to make the front of Monarchs low'r!
I ſee him, all like vinegar ſo ſour,
Look black!—but, *ſtill* good-humour's in his ſoul;
And now I mark it, ſtealing forth ſo ſweet—
Stream of forgiveneſs, what a Treat!—
I ſee his eye, with love re-kindling, roll.

Thus, when the DEMON of the ſtorm has driv'n
The SUN, that YOUTH of ſplendor, from his heav'n,
Drown'd ev'ry vale, and blaſted ev'ry bloom;

Caſt o'er poor NATURE's ſmile a ſable ſhroud,
Each beauty blotted with his inkieſt cloud,
And giv'n a cheerful world to gloom;

Lo! through the giant ſhade, a lonely Ray
Peeps from the op'ning Weſt with timid air,
(Till forc'd by ſhouldering clouds away),
Informing man, "To-morrow will be fair."

Oh, had you rev'renc'd a great K—g's commands,
What trouble he had taken off your hands!
For ART you had not rang'd the realm around!
His keener eye the precious gem had found!
Then, what an honour to have ſeen appointed,
Your very NIGHTMAN, by the LORD'S ANOINTED!

ODE XIX.

A LITTLE more, and I have done—
The Muſes' tittle-tattle muſt go on.——

The world is very fond of calling "Fool:"
It looks with rapture on a ſimple head,
Of puerilites the rich hot-bed,
So pleaſing to the taſte of RIDICULE:
Rare crops! that, thick'ning into life,
Start, like aſparagus, to tempt the knife.

And, ſhould the Head belong to ſome great DUKE,
HAWK-SATIRE eyes it with the keeneſt look:
Still, ſhould the OWNER hap to be a KING,
Sharp for her quarry, how ſhe prunes her wing!
Such is the proneneſs to aſſail *great folk*,
And make high birth and ſtate a ſtanding joke.

Oh, for an ointment to deſtroy the ſcab
Call'd ENVY, which, alas! too many know!
The Heart ſhould be a Medlar, not a Crab;
Milk, and not verjuice, from its fount ſhould flow:
But GREATNESS, ſun-like, from the muddy ſtream,
Draws the foul vapour that obſcures its beam!

Indeed, the PEOPLE are a lawleſs crew—
Why ſtrive I then, Quixotic, to reform?
As ſoon a feather may the waves ſubdue,
And ſpiders bind the pinions of the ſtorm.

Yet, 'tis not ſtrange, that Kings ſhould loſe repute,
Conſid'ring Man's ſo great a Brute.—
Ev'n SAINTS themſelves have loſt their reputation:
ROME formerly had thirty thouſand Gods;
And now, I warrant ye, 'tis odds,
They own ſcarce *one* through all the Romiſh Nation.

Alas!

Alas! who now believes in ſticks and ſtones,
Old rags, and hair, and marrow-bones?

Saint Agnes, that ſweet Lady, void of Sin,
Was ſtripp'd, poor Gentlewoman, to her ſkin;
And, for Religion, carried to the ſtews;
When, as the Lady was ſo bare,
God gave her ſuch a quantity of hair,
As reach'd unto her very ſhoes.

When to the Bawdy-houſe arriv'd the Dame,
An angel from above commiſſion'd came,
And ſpread around her ſuch a heav'nly light,
As dazzled every body's ſight.

However, a young Officer*, a Buck,
Wiſhing prodigiouſly to have a look,

Daſh'd

* The Son of a Præfect.

Daſh'd forth, to pierce the middle of the Light,
Meaning to violate the DAME ſo good;
Which meaning, when the DEVIL underſtood,
He choak'd the wanton ROGUE out-right.

Such is the tale! true ev'ry crumb;
Now, no more heeded than TOM THUMB.

To Mr. P I T T.

DEAR as a di'mond to the beſt of Queens,
Dear as to Cormorants, of fiſh a ſhoal;
Dear to a German Hog, as beds of beans;
Dear as a ſixpence ſav'd, to MIS'RY's ſoul:

Dear as the Doctor's Bill to this good Nation,
Which Parliament, with tears of joy, ſurvey'd;
Which brought about a much-deſir'd ſalvation,
For which the Doctors have been *poorly* paid:

Dear as the *Royal Message to the Nation,
By which *more money* humbly is implor'd—
" More money for the Children's education—
" Hard times! more money for the Children's board:"

Dear as to *valiant* Gloster ſword and gun;
Dear as a dock-leaf to a hungry aſs;
Dear to the fam'd George Selwyn, as a pun;
Dear as to legs of mutton, caper ſauce;

* What a niggardly ſet of Repreſentatives we ſend to Parliament! To ſuffer his Majeſty ſo *frequently* to be begging for a *little* money, is ſhameful in the extreme.—In God's name, let him have the Treasury at once. Had he been worth ten or eleven millions, an economy would have been pardonable.

Dear as the voice of flatt'ry to the PROUD;
Dear as to Hackney-coachmen ſigns of rain,
Who count their ſhillings in a coming cloud,
And, pious, pray for Noah's flood again;

So dear to Monarchs is that idol POW'R!
So dear is prompt obedience to a King!
Far, of reſiſtance be the trying hour!
God bleſs us! what a melancholy thing!

Yet oppoſition-fraught to Royal wiſhes,
Quite counter to a gracious King's commands,
Behold! th' ACADEMICIANS, thoſe ſtrange fiſhes,
For *WHEATLY lifted their unhallow'd hands.

So then, thoſe fellows have not learnt to crawl,
To play the ſpaniel, lick the foot, and fawn—
Oh, be their bones by Tigers broken all!
Pleas'd, by wild horſes could I ſee them drawn.—

O PITT!

* The Rival Candidate of Mr. LAURENCE.

O PITT! with thee I'm ſorry, very ſorry!
Not make a poor ASSOCIATE!—ſuch a *thing!*
Who try'd to tarniſh thus the Royal Glory?
What Rebel balloted againſt his King?

Then, Sir, he is ſo bountiful a man!
A cataract of charity, I'll ſay—
Inform me any body, if you can,
Unmark'd by liberality a day!

Where'er he walks, where'er his wild career,
Through CHELT'NAM, WEYMOUTH, EXON, PLYMOUTH, lo,
With joy his ſtaring ſubjects all, ſo dear,
See from each ſtep a ſtream of glory flow.

Thus, when that pretty animal an —,
At night, on pavement gallops like the wind;
Fire kindling at his heels, behold him paſs!
How bright the ſparkles that hop out behind!

Nurs'd

Nurs'd on the dunghill of the ſmiles of Kings,
What muſhrooms daily, to ſurpriſe us, ſtart!
So nimbly the fair Vegetable ſprings!
Such warmth prolific, can a ſmile impart!

Such is of Royalty the envied pow'r!—
Then periſh ev'ry Academic Plant!
Oh, may they feel nor ſun, nor foſt'ring ſhow'r!
Blow round them, O ye cold, cold winds of WANT!

What Nabob ſtructures riſe, with wings outſpread,
Whoſe Owners' necks well merit to be lopp'd!
With what ſublimity they lift the head,
By DEATH, and RUIN'S ATLAS-ſhoulders propp'd!

But ſuch thy Maſter's purity of ſoul,
His eyes upon the ſword of Juſtice feaſt:
" Curſe on the Pearl (he cries) by RAPINE ſtole;
" Curſe on the di'monds of the bleeding Eaſt!

" Curſe

" Curſe on the Villains that whole realms deſpoil!
" Curſe on the cruel hand (we hear him cry)
" That ſteals the fruit of LABOUR's honeſt toil,
" And draws the tear of blood from PITY's eye!"

O PITT! what puniſhment ſhall we contrive,
To ſuit this ſaucy, ſelf-important Crew?
How ſhall we ſmoke this Academic Hive,
That ſtinging makes us look ſo very *blue*?

Oh, bid our Monarch draw his purſe-ſtrings tight;
Contract his open heart, of giant ſtature;
Uſe ev'ry ſpecies of little ſpite,
And violate for *once* his noble nature.

Oh, bid our Sov'reign take it not to heart;
For downright Brutes are BRITONS, nine in ten:
At curbs and whips behold us Aſſes ſtart,
And inſolently claim the RIGHTS OF MEN!

And yet, I moderation wiſh to Kings!
Yes, yes, they ſhould be merciful, though ſtrong.
As SCEPTRES have been found in France with wings,
One would not loſe an EMPIRE for a *Song*.

THE END.

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